UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Come with Me to Finland - - - - - - - - - - - *Alson H. Robinson*

War Conquers the Press - - *Devere Allen*

The World Community—The Way Out of World Chaos - - - *Robert Whitaker*

THE STUDY TABLE
Charles A. Hawley

VOLUME CXXIV NUMBER 9

Chicago, January 1, 1940

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

Published Semi-Monthly Until Further Notice

Subscription $3.00
Single Copies 15 cents

UNITY, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 24, 1935, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*

Publication Committee

MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, Chairman
MRS E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-Chairman
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS, Treasurer
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MR. JAMES E. TUCKER

Editorial Contributors

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
TARAKNATH DAS
ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
LOUIS L. MANN
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
M. C. OTTO
ALSON H. ROBINSON
ROBERT C. SCHALLER
FRED W. SHORTER
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Washington Correspondent

BRENT DOW ALLINSON

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 135
Jottings—J. H. H. 137

ARTICLES—
Come with Me to Finland—ALSON H. ROBINSON 138
War Conquers the Press—DEVERE ALLEN 141
The World Community—The Way Out of World Chaos—ROBERT WHITAKER 143
On the Pacifist Front—VI 144

POETRY—
Twenty-One Years—MADGE CUMMINGS BLAKE 140
1914 to 1939—STANTON A. COBLENTZ 147

THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Reviews—CHARLES A. HAWLEY 146

CORRESPONDENCE—
From Our Bulgarian Correspondent—P. M. MATTHÉEFF 148
A Report from Puerto Rico—P. 148

THE FIELD—
Refugees and Recruits—*Nofrontier News Service* 134
International Sunday—LOUIS C. CORNISH 147
Good Winners—*New York Post* 147

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Refugees and Recruits

[An Amazing Situation in Wartime France.]

Paris.—Official figures on the number of refugees now serving in the French Army or in other branches of war work, have not been made public. Perhaps they will never be known. But even by approximation, the number is amazing.

A Frenchman with wide knowledge of the refugees and other non-French elements in the country has placed the figure at nearly 1,000,000. When the war began, the authorities expected that possibly 100,000 to 200,000 might volunteer to fight for France. They, as well as everybody else, have been astonished at the rush of foreigners to their aid. The volunteers include Czechs, Poles, Austrians, Germans, and Russians, as well as many of other nationalities. So numerous have been the foreign volunteers that recently several classes of Frenchmen have been demobilized.

But this situation, deemed so fortunate by the French Army command, is not without anomalies. Along with the anti-Nazi Germans, Austrians and Czechs, for example, are to be found many Russians of the most reactionary views, who have been a thorn in the flesh for the French because of their erstwhile pro-Nazi propaganda. These had never really become assimilated, largely because of their economic troubles. But for many of them it would have been sacrilege to fight against the Third Reich, since Hitler was regarded by them as a veritable Messiah, commanded by God to liberate Russia and the rest of Europe from the yoke of bolshevism. The feelings of the White Russians may well be imagined, therefore, when Hitler sent Ribbentrop to Moscow to tear up the anti-Comintern pact.

Today with the Communist Party of France dissolved and in disgrace, and with Hitler and Stalin in some measure of collusion, the White Russian has suddenly become an asset to the military machine. But what of the political effects, when the peace has to be made, of such continuing alliances?

Although thousands of the Spanish refugees have been going home, other thousands are staying to fight for France. They are former members of the Republican Army, many of them, who fought with Communist help against Franco, Mussolini, and Hitler. Now they are not permitted to raise their voices against Franco or Mussolini, but they can fight to counteract the aid being extended to Hitler by their former helper, Stalin.

While many men who are now fighting feel genuinely moved by principle, others seem able to throw themselves into one cause or another even in swift contradiction, without a wrench of mind.

The readiness of so many to fight in almost any cause in spite of the rapid shifts of aims and principles, is not the least significant phenomenon of the European situation. It is some-

(*Continued on page* 147)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXIV MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1940 No. 9

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

In these days when war-drums sound throughout the world, let us pray that the god of light and harmony may open our eyes blinded by strife and our ears to the song of peace on earth, good will to men. O Lord, in whose countenance is the morning of all things made new, shine upon us that we may illumine with peace the world-home Thou hast given us.

Remove from us pride of might and arrogance of possession. Stretch our thoughts that we may see the whole earth as our country and the inhabitants thereof as our neighbors.

Fill our hearts with love that changeth discord to trust. Temper to our good the weariness and the broken hopes we cannot escape. Pour into us the strength of all valiant spirits, put into our hands constructive tasks of peace; let not our striving end with condemnation and folly and stupidity in high places. Quicken in us the will to resist the hysteria that they who take the sword raise to turn us aside from Thy commandments.

Give us power to the depth, breadth and height of our souls to prevent the destructions we have lived to weep. Out of the embers of fires that have scorched and blackened Thy kingdom on earth, help us create a new order in which men shall no more become savages through fear. Unite us millions strong against the darkness of hate, as unnumbered sunbeams streaming one way sweeten the sod into green ecstasy and fruitfulness.

HELEN KELLER.

NECROLOGY—1939

Outstanding among the dead of this past year is of course the late Pope, Pius XI. A great and saintly man, his death was mourned not only by Catholics, but by Christians everywhere. Remarkable was the passing in a single year, indeed within a period of a few months, of HAVELOCK ELLIS, SIGMUND FREUD, and EDWARD A. WESTERMARCK, author of the stupendous *History of Marriage*. These three men, in very different areas of research, worked a revolution in the field of sex. FREUD is an immortal, to be remembered forever, with Charles Darwin and Karl Marx, as one of the three supremely creative minds of the last one hundred years. A similar coincidence was the death within the span of 1939 of the world-famous MAYO brothers, CHARLES and WILLIAM. Their work in surgery was a remarkable instance of scientific skill, humane feeling, and fraternal coöperation.

In addition to the Pope, there were other serious losses in the field of religion. CARDINAL MUNDELEIN, for example—a great prelate and a saintly man. Also, BISHOP ROBERT L. PADDOCK of the Episcopal church, an heroic churchman and public citizen! Another Episcopal bishop who passed away was DR. J. M. FRANCIS. To these must be added PRESIDENT J. ROSS STEVENSON, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, DR. MILO H. GATES, Dean of St. John's Cathedral in New York, DR. HENRY E. JACKSON, pioneer in the Community Church movement. DR. DAN BRUMMIT, esteemed and beloved religious editor, DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON, of Prohibition fame, SIR HENRY LUNN, English lay-Christian, REV. WILLIAM T. CROCKER, Episcopalian, REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, Universalist, REV. GEORGE R. DODSON, Unitarian, REV. GEORGE L. CADY, Congregationalist, and REV. J. J. VANCE, Presbyterian. The Jews mourned the loss of RABBI GERSON B. LEVI, of Chicago, DR. ALEXANDER LYONS, of Brooklyn, and DR. ISRAEL DAVIDSON, eminent Hebrew scholar.

Religion suggests education. Here we note the deaths of RUSH RHEES, one time President of the University of Rochester, RAYMOND A. PEARSON, formerly President of the University of Maryland, HENRY S. PRITCHETT, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and later of the Carnegie Foundation, LIVINGSTON FARRAND, late President of Cornell, and FRANK J. GOODNOW, late President of Johns Hopkins. With these distinguished educational leaders are naturally linked such scholars as EDWIN R. SELIGMAN, economist, JAMES HENRY ROGERS, economist, CHARLES H. GRANDGENT, romance languages, JOEL E. SPINGARN, literary essayist and critic, NATHANIEL SCHMIDT, Semitic authority, WILLIAM I. HULL, internationalist and outstanding pacifist, and SIR WILLIAM MITCHELL RAMSAY, of England, archæologist and Christian scholar.

In the field of literature appear these names: in England, WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, the Irish poet, FORD MADDOX FORD, novelist, LEONARD MERRICK, novelist, LLEWELYN POWYS, novelist, and ETHEL M. DELL, novelist; in America, EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY, novelist, CONSTANCE L. SKINNER, novelist and poet, HELEN R. MARTIN, novelist, E. S. MARTIN, essayist, HENRY LEON WILSON, novelist, ZANE GREY, novelist, OPIE READ, novelist, ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, essayist, critic, and editor, S. S. VAN DYNE, detective story writer, and FREDERICK A. STOKES, publisher. Closely akin to literature is journalism, where the following died this past year: FABIAN FRANKLIN, accomplished editor and

reporter, HEYWOOD BROUN, famous columnist, RALPH PULITZER, newspaper publisher, FLOYD D. GIBBONS, war correspondent, WALT MASON, popular versifier, and MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, distinguished in radical Jewish journalism.

Literature and journalism lead to the stage, which mourns such well-known playwrights as ERNEST TOLLER, and LUDWIG FULDA, German refugees, and our own SIDNEY HOWARD. Of lesser calibre was MRS. FRANCES HATTON, author in collaboration with her husband of sophisticated comedies. Among actors and actresses who died this past year were BERTHA KALISCH, ALICE BRADY, KATHRYN KIDDER, HELEN WARE, BERYL MERCER, and FAY TEMPLETON, an exceptionally brilliant array of stars; and GEORGE GAUL, famous for his acting of "Job," H. COOPER CLIFFE, WALTER C. KELLY, the "Virginia Judge," HERBERT MUNDIN, the screen comedian, and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SR.

The political field always presents a long list of famous and not so famous names. At the head, if only in rank, is KING GHAZI, of Iraq. PREMIER CALINESCU, of Rumania, was assassinated. J. A. LYONS was the Labor Premier of Australia. CLAUDE A. SWANSON was Secretary of the Navy in the Roosevelt cabinet. PIERCE BUTLER was a Supreme Court judge. GERARDO MACHADO was an ex-President of Cuba, and HSU SHIH-CHANG an ex-President of China. Other names are EDWARD J. COSTIGAN, Colorado Senator, J. HAMILTON LEWIS, Illinois Senator, JOSEPH I. FRANCE, Maryland Senator, FRANK D. FITZGERALD, who died in the Governor's office in Michigan, JOHN M. PARKER, ex-Governor of Louisiana, EUGENE NOBLE FOSS, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, JOHN G. SARGENT, Attorney General in the Coolidge cabinet, FRANK W. STEARNS, friend and backer of Calvin Coolidge, CHARLES R. CRANE, a United States diplomat. In foreign countries died PHILIPP SCHEIDEMANN, refugee German Social Democrat, ADOLPH MAX, Burgomaster of Brussels in the last war, LORD HOWARD, English ambassador, COUNT VON BERNSDORFF, German ambassador, HIROSI SAITO, Japanese ambassador, all these three at one time ambassadors to the United States, and GIUSUKI HAYASHI, Japanese statesman. To statesman, not inappropriately in this militaristic world, may be added soldiers—thus, GENERAL WERNER VON FRITSCH, German, reported shot at the Polish front under inexplicable circumstances, MARSHAL WU PEI-FU, Chinese general, and ADMIRAL KATO, of Japan.

The world of social and political reform lost four outstanding leaders—GRACE ABBOTT, colleague of Jane Addams, FRANK P. WALSH, labor leader, PORTER E. LEE, social worker, and JOSEPH D. MILLER, Single Tax advocate.

Among the great physicians who died, in addition to the Mayos (see above) were HARVEY W. CUSHING, brain specialist, WILLIAM H. PARK, diphtheria expert, and RICHARD C. CABOT, as famous as a social worker and philosopher as a physician.

The world of music lost most illustrious figures in 1939, as witness ERNEST SCHELLING, pianist and composer, ARTHUR BODANSKY, operatic conductor, LAWRENCE GILMAN, most accomplished of musical critics, MAX FIELDER, symphonic conductor, E. F. ARBOS, violinist, CHARLES DALMORES, French tenor, and EMMA JUCH, American soprano. In art, three famous men passed—L. GILBERT WHITE, the mural painter, WILLIAM E. PARSONS, architect, and JOSEPH DUVEEN, the art collector and dealer.

At the close, this year, as in former years, we list certain of the 1939 dead who are difficult to classify: CHARLES M. SCHWAB, steel trust magnate, MURRAY GUGGENHEIMER, financier, JACOB RUPPERT, brewer and owner of the Yankee baseball team, J. LOUIS COMISKEY, another baseball figure, CARL LAEMMLE, movie pioneer, HENRY A. WISE WOOD, inventor of the high-speed printing press, CHARLES E. WALGREEN, of the nation-wide chain drugstores, HOWARD CARTER, the man who found and opened King Tut's tomb, NADEYDA KRUPSKAYA, Lenin's widow, R. BLASCHKA, maker of the famous glass-flowers at Harvard, with whom the secret died, and RICHARD HALLIBURTON, adventurer, globe-trotter, sensationalist, who lost his life on his last exploit of fame.

FINLAND A TEST

Mr. Jay Franklin, Washington correspondent of the New York *Post,* ardent New Dealer, vigorous defender of all things Rooseveltian, had some interesting things to say the other day about Communists, radicals, and Russian sympathizers generally. He was sorry for these Leftwingers, many of whom, he said, "are men and women who are generous, warm-hearted, hard-working, self-sacrificing, inspired by the desire to improve conditions for the common man." These genuine liberals, he contended, had been "led down a blind alley by the decisions of Moscow and now have nowhere to go, no cause to follow, no outlet for their demonstrated zeal." He feared that, in sheer disillusionment and resentment, the American people might repudiate these Soviet sympathizers, cast them out—and that would be a pity, for their qualities are indispensable to our own progress. They should be "received back into our full national life." But, said Jay Franklin, only on condition that they repudiate Stalin and all his works! *"The case of Finland provides a test for discovering whether our radicals are acting under their own steam or are taking foreign orders as to what they shall say, believe, and advocate."* Mr. Franklin has here put the whole truth in a nutshell. Himself for years an ardent champion of the Soviet experiment, he is now through, on the

simple test of what Russia is doing in little Finland. And why not? Russia has been lauded as the emancipator of the working people—and here is she ruthlessly butchering the fishers, farmers, factory hands and foresters of her helpless neighbor! Russia has been defended as in aim and principle a champion of democracy—and here is she sweeping to ruin the purest democracy on the European continent! Russia has been acclaimed as the friend of small nationalities—and here she makes the smallest of them all her victim! Russia has been described as the inveterate foe of imperialism—and here is she launching forth upon an imperialistic venture to be perfectly matched with Japan in China, Italy in Ethiopia, and Germany in Poland. Where is the honest man who can stand for such things? Not in this country, if he would have the respect of his countrymen.

THE PLIGHT OF THE JEWS

The story of the Jews is becoming so terrible as to paralyze the imagination. Do we realize, can we comprehend what is going on? The conquest of Poland cast over 3,000,000 Jews into the pit of utter misery; a large proportion of these Polish Jews are now under the rule of Hitler. These wretched humans are being driven, like so many sheep, into a certain area of territory—a vast concentration camp—in which they will be left to exist as best they can. To them are to be added *all the Jews* still alive in Austria, Czechoslovakia, and the Reich itself, which are thus to be swept clean of polluting Israel. These transplanted Jews can take with them to their new home only some one hundred dollars in currency, and only so much clothing and other property as may be carried in a single bag. How these millions of uprooted men and women can subsist, no one can say. Perhaps the Nazis do not want them to live. Perhaps they will not let them live! For already it has been suggested that these herded Jews are to be held as hostages for the safety of German cities from bombing. If British and French flyers, in other words, drop bombs on German cities, then Nazi bombers will systematically bomb these Jews until in cold blood they have been reduced to one vast mass of torn and broken flesh. Has the world ever seen anything quite like this before? Do the records of old savagery contain anything to match this unmitigated horror? Our fingers become well-nigh palsied in the mere endeavor to set down in words these hideous facts, and our voice weak in the attempt to proclaim them as from the housetops. Yet must we write and speak in protest however vain. And we would have others write and speak until the very heavens ring with the cries of outraged men. Especially should the Christian church proclaim the conscience of mankind in denunciation of these unspeakable wrongs thus savagely visited upon Christ's own brethren. If Christianity would, as it should, offer expiation for its own sins against Israel, now is the chance to give comfort and sustenance to myriads of Jews more sadly stricken than at any previous time even in their tragic history.

Jottings

"The class-conscious proletariat, true to their program, are for the freedom of Finland, as well as of other non-sovereign nationalities, to separate from Russia. . . . The bourgeoisie are carrying on the same tsarist policy of subjection, of annexation. For Finland was annexed by the Russian Tsars as the result of a deal with Napoleon, the strangler of the French Revolution. If we are really against annexations, we must come out openly for Finland's freedom. . . . It is not by violence that we should draw [this people] into union with the Great Russians."

These words were written in *Pravda,* on May 15, 1917, by Nicolai Lenin.

The New Year, 1940, will be the worst, or the best, of years. It will see the war released to its last full measure of destruction, or ended.

"Music is the only one of the arts that cannot be prostituted to a base use."

Elbert Hubbard.

Had Elbert Hubbard lived into this age of jazz and swing, he would have revised his judgment.

There is an Aesop fable which, as we remember it, tells the story of a wolf which accused a lamb of muddying a stream. When the lamb quietly pointed out that the stream was flowing toward himself and thus away from the wolf, and that he could not therefore be muddying the wolf's water, the wolf straightway devoured the lamb. Apply this ancient tale to Russia in Finland, and see how perfectly it fits!

Having read Raymond Moley's story of Roosevelt's brain trust, and Mr. Dewey's account of his board of advisors and consultants, we are considering running for the presidency on this platform: We do our own thinking, write our own speeches, and make our own decisions.

Among the liberals, ardent defenders, and champions of Soviet Russia, who have turned against Stalin and his pro-Nazi policies in recent months, we find: Louis Fisher, Vincent Sheean, John Dos Passos, Granville Hicks, Sidney Hook, Freda Kirchwey, Frederick L. Schuman, and Maurice Hindus. We are quite resigned to be in such company. J. H. H.

Come with Me to Finland

ALSON H. ROBINSON

During these tragic days we are subjected in rapid succession to one emotional onslaught after another. We have to live in the world and submit to the outrage to which our sense of decency and fairness was subjected by the successive invasions of Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland. Why is it that our consciences are shocked by such experiences? Why do we believe that even the consciences of those who are participants of these campaigns of horror would be shocked if they knew what was happening and the full implications of their conduct? Well the reason that we are shocked is that here we find a perfect example of the way in which it is possible for man to revert to the methods of the lower animal world. As Wordsworth says, "The good old rule sufficeth them, the simple plan. That they should take who have power and they should keep who can." Now within the past few days the application of this good old rule has come into operation under conditions which afford no justification whatever, and our emotions are torn with horror, indignation, and pity at the plight of Finland.

Now if it were possible when such emotions as these are aroused to do something about it, to bring some definite assistance to those who suffer and to remove the causes of their suffering, there might be some compensation for this emotional condition, but as matters stand just now there does not seem to be a thing that we can do. And one of the reasons is that we know so little about what is going on. Think of it! All these amazing instruments of communication such as the telegraph and radio, and still we remain so badly informed of the underlying forces resulting in chaos! From a political and military point of view we are in complete darkness. Mr. Gedye in Moscow, one of the keenest observers and one of the most fearless analysts, admits that he cannot make out what it is all about. Mr. Walter Duranty, in spite of long and intimate experience with the tortuous diplomacy of the Soviet Regime, indulges in speculation. Is Stalin attempting to make himself secure against a combination of England, France, and Germany which he thinks may be established in the future, or is it a preparation for the absorption of the entire territory of the Scandinavian Peninsula? If these men cannot know what is going to happen, how can you and I know? Apparently one guess is as good as another. And if we cannot know either what is happening or what anybody's plans are, what is there that we can do about it? Break off diplomatic relations with Russia? That is what any self-respecting individual would do under similar circumstances. But analogies seem to be breaking down all along the line. Give back to the Finns the money they have paid on the debts of the last war? That sounds like a grim reminder, does it not? Yes, do it by all means, but it does not get us far. In the midst of these blind alleys which seem to stop us no matter which way we turn, I have one suggestion as to what we may do, and that is to try to understand the Finnish people better. At least our emotion may yield that much. Knowledge never did any harm, except when harmfully applied.

In what I have to say about this tiny country in the north of Europe upon which the eyes of our own nation are focused in sympathy, I shall speak from personal knowledge. On two occasions it has been my privilege to enjoy the hospitality of the Finnish people. The first and most memorable of these visits was during the summer of 1929, when at the city of Helsingfors I sought admission, vainly for a time, for entrance into the Soviet Union. I had not traveled all that distance merely to visit Finland, but sometimes if one is willing to make a virtue out of necessity the reward is gratifying. At any rate that was my experience, and I learned a lot of things which now enable me to visualize the scenes and to some extent to reproduce the emotions which are sweeping across the little republic so far off the beaten track and fighting for its very existence. With a total population less than one-half that of the City of New York, homogeneous in character, it becomes possible to dip in almost anywhere and acquire a fairly accurate sample of what the country and its people are like. To get a picture of the educational standards and ideals of the country you have only to visit the University of Helsingfors, and there you will find evidences not only of devotion to the higher learning, but you will be told quickly that the percentage of illiteracy is the lowest of any country in Europe. Ten years ago the figure was 1.2 per cent as compared with something like an 80 per cent illiteracy at that time just across the border in Russia, but against which it must in fairness be said the authorities were engaged in a brave struggle. Now the word illiteracy means that a person cannot read or write in any language. And when you have any considerable number of such persons in a country, a problem is presented over which the authorities may well express anxiety. The fact is that in our own country the percentage of illiteracy is four times as great as in Finland. It may seem a small matter, but not when you go to Finland; their record is something they are proud of, and why not.

But to become acquainted with a people or a country you have to do something more than visit their educational institutions or houses of parliament. I should suggest that if you want to know something about the Finns, you go fishing in Finland. It is an honorable occupation and admirable recreation anywhere, but especially so in Finland, and nothing will warm the heart of a Finn in his attitude toward you quite so completely as to go fishing with him. While waiting for the fish to bite, you may learn more than any university can teach. Who these Finns were and where they came from, nobody seems to know. They do not seem to know themselves. But ethnologically and linguistically they find themselves wedged in between the Nordics to the west and the Slavs to the east. Their language, a strange sounding medium of expression, bears considerable similarity to that of the Hungarians. But why? Once again nobody seems to know. From the eleventh to the nineteenth century, Finland was a part of the Kingdom of Sweden. The territory was then acquired by the Czar until 1917, when Finland became an independent republic.

This long association with Sweden explains the bilingual practice of the people—the signs on the streets and the captions of the American movies appearing in both Swedish and Finnish. After these ten years there are certain impressions which stand out indelibly in my mind, which were reinforced by a second brief visit

five years ago. Here briefly are some of these impressions: the cheerfulness and intelligence of the people; the confident atmosphere of Helsingfors, their capital city; the modern architecture of many of their houses and public buildings. From the point of view of beauty, orderliness, and spontaneity what a descent into the inferno from Helsingfors to Leningrad! What might have troubled an American visiting Finland any time during the past ten years would be the proportionately great number of soldiers marching through the streets of her cities—a greater evidence of militarism in fact than one would have seen in any other city in Europe. Of course they admitted they were afraid of the Russians, and now we know the reason.

Socially and politically we have stepped inside a country which has not been afraid to experiment. Directly upon coming into independent statehood, Finland granted universal suffrage to all its citizens regardless of sex or property qualification. Finland also, like our own country, engaged upon what was derisively referred to here as the noble experiment of prohibition. It failed there as it did with us. If the Finns had been left unmolested, they might have been successful. They are normally a law-abiding people. But their neighbors in surrounding countries found the temptation to dispose of their own surplus of intoxicating liquors so great, and the circuitous coast line of Finland made such traffic so simple that the failure of prohibition in Finland was inevitable.

Now as we stand at the turning point in the existence of another of these small European countries, I find myself coming back to ask the question which has to be asked over and over again, namely what has this country contributed to the permanency of human happiness, what is going to endure after the buildings are burned or wrecked, thousands of human lives subjected to incredible suffering, and the hopes of people to work out their own destiny shattered beyond recovery. In answer to that question I can only tell you what Finland has produced through the achievements of her native sons in adding conspicuous measure to the human treasure of truth and beauty. These are contributions to which I have heard very little reference during these past few days. In the excited fulminations of United States Senators, who insist that we ought to do something about it, I have heard no mention of at least two names which now I would hold in honor. Perhaps our senators have never heard the names themselves.

First, I would mention the name of Edward Westermarck, one of the greatest scholars of modern times, and in his particular field undoubtedly supreme. If one were to ask what single human institution is of greatest importance, which plays the most significant part in the happiness of the individual and gives greatest meaning to life, the unanimous answer and correct reply would be the institution of the family and the custom of human marriage. It is in this field that Dr. Westermarck has made his monumental contribution to a better understanding of ourselves as human beings. The first draft of his great work on the history of human marriage was issued in 1887. Dr. Westermarck was then a young man in his twenties, but so exhaustively did he cover the entire range of his subject including the marriage practices of people ancient and modern, covering every possible race of people whose customs could be observed or recreated, that from that moment to the present his work has been regarded as the greatest authority in its field. During the years it has been subject to constant revision as new light has come from various sources, but still it stands as monumental. Not content with this contribution to human understanding, some years later this great Finnish scholar gave to the world another work on the origin and development of moral ideas. Such a task is a common diversion today. Your pulp magazines in a reading time of seventeen minutes can pretend to tell you the whole story. But before Westermarck grappled with the task, nearly everybody said that our moral ideas originated with God. We do not feel that way today, and if the magnitude and complexity of the task of understanding our moral ideas have been revealed, at the same time Westermarck, the Finnish scholar, has thrown clear light along the path in which we must move.

You can learn a lot about a country, about the values which a people set for themselves by the persons whom they count as their heroes. To me, for instance, one of the most depressing and humiliating reactions which I have seen in this country was recorded at Princeton University the other day when the Freshmen of that institution announced that they regarded Hitler as the most important man in the world. If you had been in Finland during the summer of 1929 you would have heard the name of one person upon the lips of everyone. It was that of Parvo Nurmi, a representative of his country in the Olympic Games, who had the previous year set an all-time record as a long-distance runner. Many months had passed and they had not got over talking about it. One was glad of it. It was something to write home about, which I proceeded to do, with the shameless boast of having shaken the hand of this Finnish incarnation of the ancient god Mercury.

Second, the most distinguished of these national heroes, however, whose fame has already spread to the remotest corners of the earth, is the musical composer Jean Sibelius. The doctrine that genius is always in advance of its age, and that the great artist is seldom, if ever, recognized during his lifetime was once believed to be an unchallengeable statement of fact. A modern English writer points out that of late years there has been a strong reaction against this conception of the great genius as a kind of Prometheus, bound to the rock of public indifference and neglect and pecked at by the vulture of envious and malignant criticism. Sometimes it appears, as in the case of Bach, that a composer may not be in accord with the prevailing *zeitgeist,* or that periods of intellectual and spiritual darkness may for a time cloud the common perception for beauty; but eventually such appreciation returns. However it may have been with others, no finer testimony to the aesthetic sensitiveness of any age could be found than the almost universal acknowledgment of the genius of Sibelius. To be sure, the knowledge and familiarity of most of us with his work may be very limited. The repertory of many a band and orchestra so far as Sibelius is concerned is restricted to his "Finlandia" which is regarded by competent scholars as music of an excellent order in spite of its popularity; presenting chiefly the limitation that it causes comparative neglect of his other works. To be sure, Sibelius is no longer a young man, having only this past month observed, and under what tragic circumstances for himself and his country, his 74th birthday. But there can be no doubt as to the recognition of his genius in his native land as well as throughout the world. Many years ago his government, recognizing his exceptional ability, established a grant which has enabled him through the years to be quite independent of the necessity of gainful occupation. Some men of talent under similar circumstances

have not been able to justify such confidence by their government. It has taken away from them the stimulus for continued activity. Not so in the case of Sibelius. Not only is he the uncrowned King of Finland, but the confidence and affection of his people seem to have stirred him to fresh and continuous activity.

Few composers in modern times have produced so great a volume of work. His list of published compositions totals 116 opus numbers, a long list without opus numbers, and a very considerable number of unpublished works. Generally speaking, these works fall into three classifications. In the early period, the harvest was a notable volume of chamber music, followed by groups of songs, and finally symphonic composition which, as Cecil Gray points out, constitutes the most formidable and searching all-round test of musicianship that can possibly be devised. Brahms once ruefully observed that "to write a symphony is no laughing matter." The matchless orchestral direction in our own day by such a person as Mr. Toscanini has produced strange and yet heartening popular reaction. Uncounted millions who in the past could hardly be persuaded to listen to a symphony, now await with eagerness the striking of ten o'clock on Saturday night. In the midst of their delight they say, "How simple." Well, of course, it is not—it is no laughing matter as Brahms says, but it is the mark of a genius on the part of a composer and of a director to make a symphony seem that way. Of course Sibelius has written out of the spiritual heritage of his own people. That is one reason why his own people understand him and hold him in almost reverential awe and affection. I do not know how it is now that the country is smitten with war, but I know that even in a tense and difficult period ten years ago the name of no other national figure was mentioned so frequently as that of this composer of music. To the world at large his great contribution has been his symphonies of which there have been seven. The second of these is probably the best known and most popular, but in the realm of pure art and as an intellectual product it is affirmed by those who are in a position to judge that he has never written anything which surpasses his fourth symphony. Here is no sensuous appeal such as one may find in many modern composers such as Caesar Franck; here all non-essentials are eliminated; here are serenity and repose which are unique in modern music.

What estimate future generations may place upon the works of this man singing from the soul of a distressed people and singing *for* them as few in the world have ever done, time alone can tell. One measured estimate has it that the Symphonies of Sibelius represent the highest point attained in this form since the death of Beethoven, and that from the point of view of formal structure Sibelius takes up music where Beethoven laid it down. One of the fairest omens for the future lies in the admiration in which he is held by the younger generation. The nameless Finnish poet of ancient days might almost have had him in mind in writing the lines of the great national epic, the "Kalevala," wherein he concludes:

> I have shown the way to singers,
> Showed the way, and broke the tree tops,
> Cut the branches, shown the pathways.
> This way therefore leads the pathway,
> Here the path lies newly opened,
> Widely open for the singers,
> For the young, who now are growing,
> For the rising generation.

Long ago Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun said: "Give me the making of the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." And so it may be true once again that long after the barbarous rules and practices of our present day are buried in hapless oblivion, men shall still sing the songs of one loved and honored by his people and heard by all the world above the noise of the battle.

Twenty-One Years

His hands were deft at gardening
And fashioning bright toys,
His flowers grew in radiant rows,
His friends were girls and boys
Who trooped in from the neighborhood
To have him mend their kites,
Their parents asked for his advice
About plant foods and blights;
The family groaned to see him bring
Another scrawny cat
Which joined his odd menagerie
To worship—and grow fat!

He laughed at life—made rapturous
By mother's cherry pies,
Yet—his young heart knew loneliness
And dreams were in his eyes.
One day the bugles called him forth,
A gun thrust in his hand,
With eager song and chin held firm,
To "save" his native land;
His outfit broke the foe's steel line!
We heard brave tales about him
Long afterward—when gallant pals
Came marching home—without him.

And now I have a clear-eyed lad
Who shouts for cherry pies,
Who plays football and tracks in mud
On feet of awkward size,
And, sometimes, when the lights are out,
I kiss him in his sleep,
Remembering that other lad
Whose dreams are buried deep . . .
Through waiting nights a chilly wind
Brings sounds from far away—
A bugle call, a blasting roar!
I dread the coming day.

You see, the line those heroes broke,
Through walls of lead and flame,
Through screaming agony and blood,
Now has another name!
Dictators play a ruthless game
Upon a giant board,
A giant anvil rings again
As plow reverts to sword. . . .

How long will mothers' sons be forced
To jettison their youth?
How long will valiant words be coined
To clothe "The Cause" with "Truth"?
O mothers, when your lads are gone
Beyond the one-way gate
Then will you make your protests heard?
Then it will be too late!

MADGE CUMMINGS BLAKE.

War Conquers the Press

DEVERE ALLEN*

At the end of the last war, the press of the belligerent world had reached the lowest possible depths of falsification, subservience, and irresponsibility. On September 3, 1939, like a dog digging for carrion, it started where it left off in 1918 and went down from there.

Thousands of examples could be cited, with the war only a few months old. Some of the more revealing ones will suffice, but they will show a trend that will justify press readers everywhere in using caution. The selections which follow have been made, not because they are more sensational than others, but because they indicate the more familiar devices by which the public is systematically deceived. From abuse and invective, the customary technique varies all the way to mere suggestions that what propagandists want to happen has already taken place.

Disappointed because Colonel Lindbergh last fall took the stand he did on American neutrality, the British weekly *Truth* referred to him in a fairly extended article as "Judas Iscariot Lindbergh," and called his native land "The Thug's Own Country" and "a country whose national heroes have always been of pretty poor stuff." One must hasten to point out that, however angry were numerous other journals in Great Britain, this excess was not typical and at least once was rebuked by another paper.

But Beverly Baxter, a Member of Parliament, who writes alike for British papers and that usually excellent Canadian magazine, *McLean's,* wrote in the London *News Chronicle* (perhaps for later publication in Toronto?) that "reliable sources in Washington" (to which he could not possibly have had access, and which could not have been clairvoyant in any case) "believe that Colonel Lindbergh aims at continuing anti-British propaganda by a personal tour of Canada." Whatever mistakes the Colonel may or may not have made—his attitudes have no concern with the purpose of this article—these comments about him were obviously made up out of badly frayed cloth. They were inspired by the common feeling, by no means confined to Britain, that if people do not do what you want them to do, they are foes of your country.

Luxembourg and its admittedly warm spot in the geography of the war figured in a report from somewhere in France—the region is important to note—by a correspondent of the labor newspaper in London, the *Daily Herald.* In this dispatch it is stated that Luxembourg was in immediate danger of invasion; that twenty-eight crack German divisions were concentrated just across the Luxembourg frontier; that the Grand Duchy was "swarming with secret agents"; that foreign motor cars were present in an incredible number; that Luxembourg was the key to the whole German offensive tactics.

I was in Luxembourg at the time, and read the story there. And what a fairy tale it was! I spent several days there, interviewed authoritative officials, and was accompanied by exceptionally competent and well-informed residents; I was granted really extraordinary facilities for observation and inquiry. Not one of these statements was true. One highly placed statesman of the Grand Duchy told me that he was almost as much worried over sensational press stories as about his country's diplomatic difficulties. Luxembourg officials did not believe they were soon to be invaded; there were no concentrations of German troops; if there were secret agents, as there doubtless were in a certain number, the authorities knew who virtually every one of them was, so efficient and vigilant are the administrators of the country; during the entire visit, in which by car I traversed the capital many times and covered many miles of the countryside, scarcely one foreign car was seen; officials cited French strategists who had sought to prove that a German invasion now would not help Germany but would actually aid the French. The press writer was not especially to be blamed; he had to send a story of about a thousand words on a topic about which he knew nothing save rumor and little of that. He had not been in Luxembourg. He had interviewed nobody responsible from there. Yet his story was front-paged with a four-column double-spread headline.

In the critical days of late October and mid-November when nerves were raw in Holland and Belgium, and when the peril of an invasion may perhaps have been more than imaginary, the press of at least three nations contributed to unnecessary scares by exaggerating and distorting known facts and by spreading reckless rumors. The Belgian daily, *Aujourd'hui,* resorted to an old trick of American journals during the Spanish-American War, and printed oftentimes the real facts in small type above great headlines which formed part of a sentence but which conveyed startling "news." In one of these memorable editions it said in huge letters, "A Great German Offensive"; above, in small letters, after one had bought the paper, he could read: "Each Week That Passes Renders Less Probable. . . ."

Repeatedly during this period Dutch and Belgian authorities had to issue denials of newspaper comments, some of which were broadcast again and again, with a reiteration that suggested a deliberate purpose, about an immediate invasion of Holland and Belgium. So great was the popular tension for a few days that on a single Saturday, one clerk alone at a large travel agency in Brussels sold 20,000 travellers' checks, because those who had funds wanted to put them into American dollars.

At this stage of a ticklish situation, the Belgian government suppressed indefinitely the Rexist (Fascist) paper of Léon Degrelle, seized an edition of a Communist paper, and shut down on one issue of the Socialist paper, the *Peuple,* whose former director was a member of the Cabinet. It also squelched an issue of a satirical weekly, *Pourquoi Pas?,* which had gone so far as to unite a criticism of the Reich's ambassador with the insinuation that he was a headache to the Belgian government—thus dragging the whole policy of neutrality into a legitimate lampoon. The officials had sought desperately to maintain a completely free press, but the excesses of some writers, whose self-discipline could not be relied on at so tense a moment, forced their hand. In such a case, what should be the attitude of those who believe stoutly in free speech? The masses of the people overwhelmingly want to give no provocation that will drag them into the war; even as a neutral their country is making sacrifices that are almost unbearable for the nation's economy. The price of neutrality in such circumstances must be either self-control or government control.

British dailies carried a recent report that German

*Editor, *Nofrontier News Service.* Mr. Allen is now in Europe.—*Editor.*

planes were now deliberately and regularly violating Belgian neutrality; some leaflets intended as propaganda among French troops came down from the air into a Belgian town near the French frontier. Did these reporters purposely deceive? No; their deceit lies in the nature of war itself, for they told what they believed. They could not have known that inside the Dutch frontier, the Danish frontier, and the Luxembourg frontier, on far more numerous occasions, leaflets from British airmen intended for German consumption had been dropped.

Even the stolid London *Times,* which prides itself on its sobriety and poise, makes a regular practice of printing each day a quotation from some German about the wickedness or stupidity of the Germans as a whole. Spengler, Nietzsche, Goethe, or some other German, either with a generally critical attitude or a temporary and limited complaint, is quoted, and not, as a rule, so much against that peculiar Nazi bent which is a characteristic of the present German government, but against the German nation as a whole. This is precisely what spokesmen for Britain have insisted they were not going to do; the *Times* justifies it on the ground that the Nazis do it against the British. Which is likelier to have good effects on neutral opinion—to ape the worst Nazi habits, or rise above them?

Not the least curious thing about this most curious of wars is the regeneration of Nietzsche. In the last war he was universally cited as proof of German militarism and philosophical degeneracy. Now he is the bosom friend of every Allied journalist who wants to print his bitter criticisms of German culture! By an adroit exegesis, he can be made to suit any argument that serves the moment. By why this particular reversal?

Madame Geneviève Tabouis continues to outrival the soothsayers of old. She writes for a multitude of papers. Her publishers usually describe her as "world famous." She really has a wide experience and a fund of diplomatic knowledge. But she travels through keyholes as one only could if possessed of an astral body. She couples her frequently informative articles in her own French paper, and in the London *Sunday Dispatch* with word-for-word accounts of Hitler's confidential speeches in secret meetings with this diplomat or that, or with his army chieftains. She has given many times a blow-by-blow description of the great German offensive on the Western Front, predicting the place and date so many different times one loses count. So far, if she has been correct once, her prophecy must have been published in some obscure journal. After a series of such prognostications, made with minute detail, she finally said, in *Marianne,* "Thus Hitler hesitates. The disaccord is complete between the Reichswehr, the generals, the diplomats, over the attack in the West. But, on the contrary, on the lack of effectives to undertake this attack, the agreement is unanimous." The disaccord seems to have included Madame Tabouis; for she now has it that Hitler cannot attack for lack of effectives, after long weeks to make ready, which by all her previous writings he had ready in abundance even long before the war began. Yet even a magazine as ordinarily intelligent as *The New Republic* plays her up to American readers as a correspondent *par excellence.*

The *Daily Mail* runs an article which points out how often—quite truthfully—the German trenches along the Rhine and the Moselle have been flooded by high water. It says that in contrast the French forts of the Maginot Line are "perfectly dry." But John Elliott, a reliable American newspaperman, writing of his first visit to the Line, found only one fault—the dampness, about which he queried an officer regarding its possible effect on men compelled to remain there for long periods.

Most common of all, perhaps, is the pack-dog technique. Let one set up a cry, and bedlam breaks loose everywhere. A writer reports gravely in some newspaper, without proper qualification, that a startling event has occurred. He may have qualified the report himself, but the next one to lift the report does not. It may be, for example, the purported resignation of General von Brauchitsch.

Without waiting to confirm the report, hundreds of correspondents, eager not to be left behind in reporting something they missed (frequently because it never happened), rush into print with stories that begin, "Now that Germany's leading General has split with the Fuehrer. . ." This is followed by a series of long, learned articles by anonymous "diplomatic correspondents" and editorial commentators, who show why the resignation took place, what is at stake for the Nazis, who is likely to succeed in the army command, and what vast portents are involved for the world. The economic, political, scientific, strategic, psychological, moral, and metaphysical aspects of this news item are exploited to the full in thousands of pages all over Europe (and, it must be said, often also in the United States).

A day comes when it is clear that von Brauchitsch never resigned at all. What happens? Do any of the reporters, editors, diplomatic experts, commentators, ever admit their mistake? Do not be silly! They are too quickly off on the scent of new rumors, in a vague hope—which unfortunately is all too well justified—that if they bark loudly enough up a new path, the time wasted along the old one will be forgotten.

Incidentally, if the American broadcasting companies were really wise in their zestful search for news, they would take out of Berlin, Paris, and London the three radio reporters who are manfully trying to do a good job under impossible conditions, and place them where they could carry infinitely more dependable facts to the people—in Brussels, Amsterdam, and Copenhagen. Yet so delicate is the situation of these neutral capitals that they themselves would prefer to leave things as they are!

In all of this there is no slightest intent to clear the Nazis from their supreme status as the war's most ardent and unscrupulous propagandists. They roar their attacks in language that would place the gutter on a pinnacle by contrast. *Simplicissimus,* that once delightful journal of satire, depicts Baron Munchhausen in Heaven, poring over a copy of the London *Times,* and exclaiming: "What a poor liar I was!" They have, however, not only permeated their press with so many lies that they have lost the world's interest, but their denunciatory vocabulary has become exhausted. Fiction has to be entertaining in order to hold one's interest.

The victims of all this, in all countries, are the plain people. Victims, that is, for a time. The day will possibly arrive when so cynical, disillusioned, and fed up with falsehoods will they become, that the entire publishing world, the good along with the rest, will lose its influence until the cheats and tricksters are kicked out. Worse things, perhaps, could happen.

The World Community—The Way Out of World Chaos

ROBERT WHITAKER

My nearest neighbor, around the corner, is the pastor of The First Christian Church in this community. He is a man of mature years, and of long experience in the ministry. For a longer period than most ministers of my acquaintance, he has served in earlier years one of the foremost churches of his denomination outside of the major cities of the Pacific Coast. Back of this he had years of experience as a missionary in Old Mexico. Between whiles he spent considerable periods as a Chautauqua lecturer. A man of delightful disposition and high character, of clear and open mind, and, by reason of his strong peace convictions, a constant student of world affairs, he is one with whom it is especially interesting and informing to discuss the course of world events.

Yet twice within recent weeks he has dropped in to see me, and admitted with a wry face that the present world situation, the European situation in particular, has him guessing, with such a sense of bewilderment as he has rarely known. To him, the world leaders, if leaders they are, seem to be in the position of the traveller of whom this story is told. At the moment when the conductor called for his ticket this man could not find it. The conductor went on, and returned a little later, but the ticket of the embarrassed passenger was still missing. "O, well," said the conductor, "I know you, Mr. Blank, and I know you had it, and I can trust you to let me have it when you find it, if you ever do." To which the other man replied: "Well, that is kind of you, but what am I to do, because if I do not find it I do not know where I am to get off?"

The more people you meet, and the wider your correspondence is, the clearer is the evidence of like bewilderment everywhere. From overseas comes just now a letter from an English relative of mine, sixty years of age and past, retired after years of successful business experience in which he was an employer and director of many men as keen-minded as himself, and since his retirement a world traveller in every continent of the globe. He is no less dumbfounded than my minister friend next door, no less peace-loving, no less stricken at heart over what seems to him to challenge faith in both God and man. What does it all mean, and where do we get off?

One may well hesitate to venture a reply, to add to the volume of perplexed inquiry, on the one hand, or pontifical presumption on the other. Yet as one may look behind him and before him to distances where the road whereon he is in difficulty just now, shows in more open fashion its total course, so are there considerations which reach beyond the present hour to give us peace and strength in the midst of immediate confusion of heart and mind.

Was ever more timely than just now that ancient scripture: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms"? Mark the words, "the *eternal* God," "the *everlasting* arms." How they lift us above the immediacies both of the moment wherein the words were first uttered as they appear in the context of this verse, and the immediacies of our own context, which shall also pass away.

Nor is there total lack of guidance if we refer back to the phrasing with which our immortal Declaration of Independence begins. "When, *in the course of human events.*" But is there a course, rather than just a chaos of human events? I recall looking over the shelves of the San Diego Public Library some fifteen years ago, and finding to my delight a little volume entitled: *The Process of History.* It was by a prominent professor in the University of California, with whom I made personal contact later, for too brief a time to enter fully into his point of view as completing or modifying that which he had set forth in the volume I had read. Later one of his students sent me another and much more technical writing by this same professor, in which he seemed to have abandoned any clear confidence in the coherent sequences of human experience and to have adopted something like a behavioristic interpretation of history as just events and nothing more. I hope I do him no injustice, and lest this might be I am not naming him here.

To return to the inquiry implicit in the Magna Charta of our national nativity. Is there a course, or only a chaos of human events? Is this present apparent chaos as chaotic as it seems, as disheartening as would seem to be the impression so widely prevailing, despite whatever faith in God, and love for man we may profess? Our fathers felt the necessity of speaking to the world community. They based this sense of "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" upon their confidence that there was some coherent connection between events on this side of the sea and on the other side, and between the course of human events with relation to both the past and the present and the times to be. Moreover, they made this statement in the midst of what to them was a World War, a war which was fought, indeed, in the midst of warfare relatively more extensive than is the present European conflict at this hour.

Is not our whole national history, both in its inception in the war which we waged for democratic self-determination, and in the Union which we organized a little later, wherein a measure of self-determination on the part of the various and often varying colonies was yielded in the interests of the greater community, "these United States," a token and prophecy of human direction toward the world community as a whole?

It is no part of my purpose to discuss in this connection the likelihood or unlikelihood of our being dragged, or drugged, into the present European conflict. I am as vigorously opposed to our participation in the contemporary warfare across the sea now as I was in 1917; as willing to go to jail by way of protest as I was then, and more keenly aware than I was then of the unavailingness of such protest to stop war once it is under way. I thought David Starr Jordan too hesitant when he said that once you were in a war there was no way to go through with it. It was with both joy and a sense of the irony of it that I shared years later in the great reception which the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce gave to Dr. Jordan after he had been awarded the $25,000 Peace Prize. I fear it was the $25,000 they were celebrating, rather than the man or his peace principles.

Our mistake at that time when the World War was on, mine as well as his, and the multitudes who

went fairly hysterical with joy on Armistic Day in 1918, was the failure to realize that Armistice Day was the hour in which to begin protest of a more effective type than was possible in wartime. There was a world community of joy, and expectation at that moment, the like of which had never been in the world on any such scale before. Alas it failed us, even as the light which compelled Moses to veil his face when he came down from his communion with God on Mount Sinai, went out for the darkness of the recurring worship of the Golden Calf. Yet Paul found in that story a meaning beyond the meaning which the Old Testament story implies. It was the passing of the glory, as Paul stressed it, which was veiled. It was the greater glory in the face of Jesus Christ which Paul wanted the believers of his day to see, and which the world would not see.

The peace we hoped for as an abiding experience of the world, in 1918, is as broken as was the table of Commandments which Moses threw to the ground when appalled at the default of the people. Europe is at war. We are warring on the low level of how to make money out of it, and stay out of the bloody mess at the same time. If the war goes on, we shall find that the money and the mess are as wedded now as they were then. We refused when the Armistice came, to take the step toward the world community for which millions hoped and prayed. Europe took it, despite our Meroz part, but took it only halfway, as our colonial fathers went no farther at first than the Articles of Confederation under which the Revolutionary War staggered almost to defeat. That was our "League of Nations," and broke down in the years immediately following the recognition of our independence. We had to learn that no league of states could weld a lasting union, until it read, "We, the people." Nor will any forward step now of adequate security be realized as against this renewed worship of the Golden Calf unless we awake to the necessity of a broader and deeper peace movement than our peace societies, as confused and contentious in a way as were our original Thirteen Colonies, have yet taken to heart.

The world community is on the way. It was latent in the communal clans and tribes which characterized primitive society. Even war has been a sort of sacrificial forcing process toward the expansion of human contacts, and the expansion of human arts, however prostituted man's arts have been, from the bow and arrow to the flying machine. Now war has passed beyond its contributory stage, if such be allowed, except at a cost which threatens the wreckage of all. The cry of John, the forerunner of Jesus, which Jesus himself took up, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," sounds ominously in reverse now, "Repent, *or* the kingdom of hell is at hand." It is with us even now. Yet also is with us the way out of present chaos, and of the greater chaos which threatens our children and our children's children. That way is a peace movement which will take hold of the larger affirmative, neither a Munich Pact nor a Versailles Treaty, nor even a League of Nations, as such, but the World Community as an immediate enterprise, inclusive of all who beyond their immediacies of program for the moment will get together for a world organization on truly democratic lines. Less than this is an abandonment of Democracy.

On the Pacifist Front

[UNITY will publish from time to time, under this heading, such news as can be gathered about pacifists and pacifist activities in these war days. We earnestly invite our readers to send us such items of interest as may come to their attention.—*Editor*]

VI

Miss Muriel Lester, head of Kingsley Hall, London, delivered an address recently at the Women's Fellowship Luncheon during the Richmond International Convention, in which appeared the following as reported in the *Christian Evangelist*:

> I think we are not measuring up to what we can do. When the world is in a situation as it is now—and the wise observers say we are entering into another period of the dark ages—then unless we stop war we shall enter into these dark ages. Mr. Baldwin, our ex-Prime Minister, said, "If the war continues, it is the end of wisdom and civilization in Europe." Faced by such facts which are backed up by scientists, we see not only Europe bleeding to death, but the death of the human race. Those who take a long view and who are thinking especially of millions of years, see certain signs that this might be the turning point of civilization, of the human race. Like the pre-historic animals which we see in museums, we have chosen the way of over-specialization. These observers say the human race stands in danger of committing suicide through over-specialization of killing, mechanical killing, and is in great danger of becoming extinct.
>
> Some may say we cannot help this, but that would seem like a failure of God. If we insist on killing each other, we *shall* become extinct and God's love will have failed in us. Faced by this situation—the biggest crisis in the human race since the days of Noah—we see that our statesmen in almost every nation appreciate any ideas to initiate some *new* development, to finding some *new* way to get out of this endless circle—war, victory, defeat, resentment, revenge, war—that has been going on for three thousand years. Now when the result of that process has brought us face to face with these facts, they have nothing original to suggest except that we do as we did before, only a little more. Those who have watched statesmen in Europe for the last generation are not surprised. But I am surprised that women allow themselves to be caught up once more in this vicious circle and do "the same as last time, only a little more." It appalls me to think of women again making bandages!

The Roman Catholic magazine, *America,* has completed a survey of 54,000 Catholic collegians, with this result:

> Thirty-six out of every one hundred Catholic college students would be conscientious objectors to military service if war were declared today.

Pacifist sentiment in England:

(1) In a recent by-election, at which the victorious Conservative candidate polled some 18,000 votes, a pacifist candidate was given over 4,000 votes.

(2) A recent survey by the British Institute of Public Opinion, which corresponds to our Gallup Poll, registered 11 per cent of those questioned as wanting to stop the war at once.

The following is a dispatch from Cardiff, Wales, as published in the New York *Herald-Tribune:*

> A tractor driver, John Sims, said it with verse today to

the conscientious objectors tribunal. His views were expressed thus:

As for war, I calls it murder,
There you have it plain and flat.
I don't want to go no further
Than my Testament for that.

If you take a sword and draw it,
Then go stick a fellow through,
Government won't answer for it,
God will send the bill to you.

[The stanzas are from James Russell Lowell's "The Biglow Papers," and were written in protest against the United States' war with Mexico.]

Sims was exempted from military service provided he undertakes transport, steel, or tin plate work.

The *Nofrontier News Service* reports the following touching incident from Copenhagen, Denmark:

Everyone read long ago about the German patrol ship that was blown up by a German mine off the coast of Denmark. But what they probably have not read in the newspapers is the way in which the Danish people of Stege (Moen) rose to the responsibility thrust upon the little community when some 30 bodies of German sailors were washed up on shore.

The Danes collected all the bodies they could find, supplied a fine casket for each, gave flowers, church, and the services of priests, every expense being taken care of by the town.

London dispatches report the publication of a statement of peace aims by a group of members of Parliament. "We aim," says the group, "at securing a negotiated peace as early as possible." The peace aims, as stated, are as follows:

(1). A new European system, every country to sacrifice some measure of national sovereignty in the interests of guaranteed security. (2). A standstill in armaments, under supervision. Disarmament to be discussed by civilians. (3). Economic internationalism (raw materials and food); free use of great waterways; free access to all major airports and seaports for all nations; removal of trade barriers. (4). Widest possible extension of self-government in all dependent areas of the world (including democratic self-determination for India).

Attached to the document are the signatures of James Barr, G. Buchanan, W. G. Cove, T. E. Groves, Agnes Hardie, David Kirkwood, George Lansbury, W. Leonard, Neil Maclean, M. K. Macmillan, George Mathers, H. G. McGhee, F. Messer, J. Rhys Davies, Alfred Salter, S. Silverman, A. Sloan, W. R. Sorensen, R. R. Stokes, and Cecil Wilson.

The *Christian Century* reports that Dr. Leyton Richards, of England, outstanding pacifist in the last war, is still true to his convictions:

Called back to the pulpit of Carr's Lane, Birmingham, at the outbreak of hostilities, he seems to have become more intensely pacifistic. He has even dared to suggest, in a sermon preached in the Birmingham Parish Church, that a Christian way of meeting the war would be to fill British ships with food and clothing and send them into the North sea in order that they might be captured by the enemy and taken to German ports. Such a suggestion, he knows, will be dismissed as a "fantastic dream." "Yes," says Mr. Richards, "but it is only because we deem the Christian way absurd that Europe is doomed to fall by its own self-inflicted wounds. In the measure that men respond to or repudiate the way of Christ do they rise or fall in the final verdict of history and in the living judgment of God. The Christian ethic is idealistic, not realistic; a thing for tomorrow, not for today; a thing for the other man, not for us. What is our dominating aim in prosecuting the war? We say we want to destroy the sin of Hitlerism, and it is a sin, with all its outrages, its violences, iniquities and blasphemy. But do we want to save Hitler from his sins? God does. We say 'force must be met with force.' Do we say that because we are really zealous for international right, or do we say it because we are really afraid to take Christ's way of the cross?"

The *Christian Century* publishes the following letter:

SIR: Perhaps the *Halifax Herald,* as quoted in your issue of December 6, spoke more truly than it realized when it said: "If ever there was a war in which the decision of the Christian community was simple and easy, this is it. The issue is as clear as noonday: Paganism vs. Christianity." Indeed the issue *is* Paganism vs. Christianity. But the division is not, as some superficial observers suppose, between one group of nations and another, with the victory for Christianity depending upon the military success of one group. The division cuts right across *all* the countries between those who have really learned to take the teaching of Christ seriously and those who, though calling themselves "Christian," really worship at the altar of Mars whenever a national crisis arises. In this conflict the governments of practically all countries—United States, Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Japan, China, Poland, Finland, and the rest—are on the *same* side. The opposition is represented by minorities in nearly every country which see not only the utterly unchristian nature of the war method but its demonstrated futility as a means of accomplishing any worthy goal.

Melrose, Mass. MARK R. SHAW.

The *Nofrontier News Service* publishes the following dispatch from Caernarvon, Wales:

There is a definitely organized Welsh Nationalist Party, which gave out a public statement, under the heading of "Wales Neutral," from Caernarvon, which is located in the constituency that regularly sends to the House of Commons no less a figure than David Lloyd George. The statement declares in part: (1). That it cannot approve attempts to change the map of Europe by force. (2). That it condemns not only the countries which are making such an attempt, but also, and far more, the countries, i.e. England and France, that have left them no other choice. (3). It is therefore the duty of Wales, as of all other small European countries, to keep aloof.

The *Nofrontier News Service* publishes the following dispatch from Brussels, Belgium:

Though virtually all the fine and unique museums and art galleries of Belgium have been closed, so as to keep in a safe place their priceless historic and cultural treasures, one museum, ironically enough, is still wide open and flourishing.

It is the Wiertz Museum, former home of the sculptor and painter Antoine Wiertz. Wiertz was a nineteenth century artist whose work was not always of great merit, though at times he reached worthwhile technical standards.

He was one of the earliest of the realists, and nobody is quite like him. Against war he poured out a special bitterness on canvas and in marble, and some of his works attain a striking force. It has been fashionable to label him, in some of the stodgy guidebooks—when his fascinating works have not been overlooked altogether—as "the mad painter"; he earned the name by being too sane for the times in which he lived.

Under the roof of the Museum are found the powerful painting, "Napoleon in Hell," which depicts the Emperor wrapped in flames, shrinking from the dead and maimed victims of his lust for conquest, thrust under his averted eyes by mothers of the slain; Christ, with head bowed sadly, judging the warring masses of humanity below; two gladiators in stone, entwined in a battle that has ended in the death of them both, and entitled "Strife"; and a vast canvas portraying "The Man of the Future," a giant who in bewilderment holds in his hands a cannon and other relics of warfare that have been dug up, while his wife and child look on with amazed incomprehension.

Even the Royal Museum of Beaux Arts has shut down, simply placing on special exhibition one great painting every week. The Museum of Natural History, like most of the others, is piled high with sandbags, but Wiertz, amid the menace of war, goes steadily on with the work of education against war and all its works!

A death announcement in a Westphalian newspaper of a soldier killed at the front began with this statement:

"Born in the War, lost in the War"! !

The Study Table

CHARLES A. HAWLEY

Will Carlyle Endure?

CARLYLE AND THE ART OF HISTORY. *By Louise Merwin Young. 219 pp. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.* $2.00.

Carlyle will always attract readers and critics. This book by Louise Young is a valuable addition to the body of Carlyle criticism. The author's contributions are many. First of all, she shows clearly and definitely the influence of German thought on Carlyle's development. The influence of Herder is pronounced and should be recognized by all. It is time, by the way, for a careful study of Herder, and for a reëxamination of his potent influence, not only on English but also on American thought. The second great influence in molding Carlyle's thought was romanticism. With the decline of romanticism Carlyle entered his eclipse; but romanticism will never die, and with its periodic returns, Carlyle will again come into his reward. Another influence shaping Carlyle was religion. It should never be forgotten that he began life with the intention of becoming a Calvinistic preacher. But Hume and contemporary thought turned him into the field of letters and then into the narrower field of history. Holding that history is not merely to record but to interpret, Carlyle never ceased to preach that religion is the basic fabric of society. All these characteristics make Carlyle humanly universal in his appeal. Those who object to his romantic interpretations are apt to forget that they, too, speak for a limited time cycle. History, whether objective critics like to admit it or not, is relived and retold every generation. One aspect of Carlyle's approach was through the hero theory. Emerson, who was greatly influenced by Carlyle, also used this motif. Again, Carlyle was supremely the historian of revolution. The French Revolution found in him its great literary interpreter. Cromwell represents the Puritan revolution. Likewise his Frederick "merely pushed back the boundaries of the investigation begun in the *French Revolution.*" Carlyle would be the man for this hour which again is a time of revolutions.

All in all, this book is most commendable. It is well written and reads with a tolerant note of authority. Those in doubt about Carlyle's fame or those who think Froude left him under a cloud should read this book. In the words of the author:

> His insight into the motives of men, his extraordinary power of revivifying the past in terms of human experience, his sociological analysis of the nature of the historic process and his philosophic interpretations of the ultimate meaning of history offer a broad basis for the assumption that his historical writings will be among those works of art which will endure.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Francis, the Protestant Saint

IN THE STEPS OF ST. FRANCIS. *By Ernest Raymond. New York: H. C. Kinsey and Company.* $2.50.

Of the lives of St. Francis there is no end; and it is well that it is so ordered. Of these lives, it may not be an exaggeration to say that the best have been written by Protestants. St. Francis is the Saint of the Protestant Church. It was he who lived the Gospel and forgot to argue about it. His life overflowed with love and so filled all the churches. He is the universal Brother.

Ernest Raymond, a Protestant, has performed a very real service in making a Franciscan pilgrimage. Starting from Assisi, he visited, photographed, and studied all the places in Italy connected with St. Francis. From Italy he followed the Saint to Egypt and the Holy Land; then back to Italy, La Verna, the Stigmata, and the death.

In making this pious pilgrimage, the author stops at each place long enough to tell the main events in Francis' life connected with it and its people. He knows his sources, quoting Celano and the rest. He has certain decided convictions on matters about which scholars disagree. For example, he dates the famous Chapter of Mats in 1219, but does this only after carefully reviewing all the arguments for the later date. The description of the Chapter is unforgettably told as is the donation of La Verna, the preaching before the Sultan, the story of Elias, the Stigmata, and the death.

DO YOU KNOW ADVANCE?

Edited by William E. Gilroy

A 52-page monthly organ of the Congregational and Christian Churches (continuing *The Congregationalist*)

Advance is more than a denominational paper; it is an organ of liberal Christian thought and life. Its articles are widely quoted and reprinted in other religious papers.

★

Send for a sample copy or, better still, fill out the following:

ADVANCE, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Find enclosed $1.00, for which please send me **Advance** for eight months.

Name .....

Address .....

(Pin your dollar, or check, to this, and mail it today.)

While telling all this in an inimitable way, the author marshals his evidence to prove that the age of Francis resembles our own time of discontent and confusion. In spite of the medieval background, the author is right. St. Francis of Assisi is the answer to the bewilderment of our time and to our problems. For in the last analysis, the world is sick because of unsolved difficulties in the economic and moral ways of men. It was precisely at these two points that Francis showed his contemporaries the way. The world was different after Francis. It was he who inspired poetry and art, and thus he became the founder of the Renaissance. It may well be that he will bring about another Renaissance when men will have learned that war and strife are futile, that economic problems can only be solved by a new brotherhood and not by treachery and chicanery. St. Francis, the poet, the traveler, the mystic, is claimed and loved by all. In the new Renaissance he will be by common consent the world's great teacher. Even the Mohammedans in his time listened to him alone of Christian teachers, and even Islam has become more tolerant because Francis walked among them. This is a good book and deserves a thoughtful reading.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Religious Teaching

SNOWDEN SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1940. *By Earl L. Douglass. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $1.50.

The famous series of Sunday School lessons begun by the late Dr. Snowden is being ably continued by Dr. Douglass. These lesson expositions follow the subjects suggested by the International Lesson Committee. These Uniform Lessons have an interesting history in American cultural life, going back to 1872. Some day when the history of temperance is written, much can be learned from these lessons. Formerly temperance was regularly taught; then came prohibition and temperance supposedly by law. In 1937 the Uniform Lessons restored the temperance lessons of the several quarters as "related so as to constitute a unit of temperance teaching." Attractively and solidly bound, these lessons, year by year, make an important and sizable religious library. In their entirety, they reflect the changing attitudes and emphases of American religious thought over a long period. Every Sunday School teacher ought to possess and use this book. It is the best of its kind on the market. The 1940 volume has a new feature which increases the value of the already indispensable book. This new feature is "Hints to Teachers" accompanying every lesson, thus the latest in pedagogy is added to a superb interpretation of the lesson. The evangelical churches will become more intelligent agencies of organized religion in proportion as they use this book.

1914 to 1939

All the wan millions of the battle-slain,
Who slew and fought that war might cease to be,
Blended their voices in a wind-borne plea:
"Our blind black years of turmoil—were they vain?
The mud, the terror of the shell-pocked plain,
Raked by the battering trench artillery?
The sloughing off, at war's steel-tongued decree,
Of love and home? the bomb-shocked, staggering brain?
Hear us, O Powers! This we fell to win!
End the void strife before new millions die!" . . .
But as the plaint drones out, the one reply
Rolls from the guns' long detonating din;
While a lean skull, with white and idiot grin,
Gapes at the fields where unlimbed thousands lie.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

The Field

(*Continued from page* 134)

thing with which statesmen in many countries may have to reckon long before the present war comes to its close. As for the individual, he has lived so long in a fog of uncertainty and confusion that to many, it seems clear, the very act of springing to arms is a distinct physical relief as contrasted to inaction and protracted, emotion-saturated thought.

Marianne, the French weekly, runs a cartoon showing two overworked laborers in Germany, one of whom is complaining because the hours of labor are being extended more and more. "There is still not enough work," says the other; "there are still a few minutes in which to think." In a certain measure, that mood has become the rule of the day for millions of people throughout the Continent, in most of the neutral as well as in all of the belligerent countries.

French Quakers are seeking to provide physical help and mental cheer for the dependents of many refugees. Homes are to be established for children and some of the women, if present plans can be carried through. The Paris Quaker Center receives every day a number of urgent calls for help. Friends are also collaborating in some measure with an already existing relief organization, the Medical Aid for the Children of Refugees. Some of the needy ones are relatives of men who have not yet volunteered for war, or, in the case of Spaniards, who have neither returned to Spain nor joined the French forces, but are still in concentration camps.

Nofrontier News Service.

International Sunday

The Secretariat of the International Association for Free Christianity and Religious Freedom, Utrecht, Holland, sends greetings to the Churches and requests them wherever possible to observe the Second Sunday in January, 1940, as International Sunday, as has been done in recent years. The Secretariat also asks the Ministers on that Sunday to read in their churches the annual message of the President:

To All the Churches of the International Fellowship on International Sunday, Greetings:

A torch burning in the wind dies down and flares again! During forty years our International Association for Free Christianity and Religious Freedom in spite of the gales which have beaten upon it has burned steadily, a beacon light in many lands to men of good will who seek human brotherhood in the faith of Jesus Christ, who believe that every soul is infinitely precious and that now are we the sons of God.

The world is in the agony of war. Our hearts are stricken. "We have a pain in our brother's side." We suffer with the millions who are suffering and dying in Europe and Asia. What can we do?

Keep the torch aflare! Never was the light of hope more needed to burn away the night. It is fed by the faith and hope of the many millions of men belonging to our Association in twenty-three countries. Remember that the burning torch is your responsibility.

On behalf of the International Association,

LOUIS C. CORNISH, President.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Good Winners

Pearl and Benjamin Mason, a middle-aged negro couple, and their two children were on relief in Philadelphia last spring. Their weekly relief check was $11.40. In all, the County Relief Board had spent $2,133 to keep them alive.

The Masons ventured $2.50, or almost one-fifth of a whole week's allowance, on an Irish Sweepstakes ticket. In spite of the overwhelming mathematical odds against it, Pearl and Benjamin won. Their ticket captured a prize of $150,000.

The Masons set aside $57,588 to pay the income taxes on their wild stroke of luck. In addition, they paid back every cent the relief authorities had given them. Then they got themselves

(*Continued on page* 148)

Correspondence

From Our Bulgarian Correspondent

Editor of UNITY:

Motion is life. It may be, and is in the present world condition, the harbinger of destruction. Great nations are fighting one against another for each other's blood or property. This, after a World War which promised to be the last one, to prevent future wars. But man is man, as nation is nation, ever endeavoring to invade the land of his neighbor. The command "Thou shalt not remove they neighbor's landmark" is condemned, with the unavoidable result—war! The conquerors in the great war sinned greatly in this respect, and will sin again. It is easier to sin than to be just. Man knows he is powerful when he tyrannizes over another. The ambition of man is to be powerful. So it is with nations. The action of the great is often the result of the action of the small. The doings of the latter often govern those of the former. Such are the conditions in Balkan countries in their relations with the great powers. More than once, repeatedly, they have involved, within the past hundred years, the great powers in bitter strife, to be abandoned disappointed among themselves. Much is spoken of the great, not enough of the small, although the interests of the one are and have been inseparable from those of the other. The American public, great in itself, knows less of these countries than any other, although they have played and are playing an important part in the world's affairs and wars. We have a complete, long chain of troubles and events in this center of the Near East, the Balkan countries, and they have not ceased. No event has solved the question—*everyone within his bounds.* Every successive event left the situation more complicated because of the jealousy, the clash of interests between the great powers. The peace treaties established chaos in central Europe, even greater in the Balkan countries. No effort of the powerful has contributed toward the amelioration or softening of the extreme inhuman conditions imposed upon some, and the field is open to intrigue in support of impossible conditions established there. The favored by the peace treaties are holding like leeches onto territories and peoples apportioned to them in disregard of justice, even of humanity. They even consider themselves ennobled by their pernicious enrichment. It is a perpetuation of things started a long time ago. It started with the insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina (1876), followed by the Serbo-Turkish War, the massacre in Bulgaria, the Ambassadors Conference in Constantinople, the Russo-Turkish War, the Treaty of San Stefano, the Berlin Treaty, the union of Eastern Roumelia to Bulgaria, the Serbo-Bulgarian War, the war between the Balkan Allies and the common enemy, the Turk, and the war between the Allies, with the dastardly intervention of Roumania, the Treaty of Bucharest, and finally by the World War, brought about by an incident in one of the Balkan countries. Here we have a perfect chain of events, every ring of which has led to further confusion. Again this field is free to incessant intrigue, one great power has acquired the right to consider herself a Balkan country, England has guaranteed the security of one against another. The once impossible Turk who ruled by the strength of massacres of his subject peoples and saved himself by driving them from their ancestral homes—theirs before they were his—with what they could carry on their backs, is again an ally of England and France! A horrid kaleidoscope of atrocities!

Much has been spoken of Bulgarian good sense in finally signing a treaty of perpetual friendship with Yugoslavia, the country which has most wronged her. After the wars Bulgaria found herself plundered, despoiled all round, a situation sanctioned by the great powers, the conquerors. Yugoslavia held the door of her communications, her exports. She could not continue in hostility or be unyielding with every one of her neighbors, and yielded to Yugoslavia everything demanded of her in exchange for nothing but "perpetual friendship." Can you see the dog kissing the stick with which he is beaten?

Sofia, Bulgaria. P. M. MATTHÉEFF.

A Report from Puerto Rico

Editor of UNITY:

The government of the United States has a big job on its hands with this Island. There are times when I ask myself how it is possible for these natives to live as they do. Here in some quarters of San Juan, and all over the Island, the traveler comes continuously in contact with poverty and filth in their most devastating form. Last week I had occasion to make a trip of about four hundred miles, in the course of which I was able to cover almost every town and hamlet in Puerto Rico. Let me tell you that at the end of it I could not help wondering why the generosity of nature had to be punished so harshly by human hate. It is impossible for me to describe the dwellings the people call their homes, and the food they exist on. It is nothing unusual here to find young boys completely nude in what they call the streets of the poor neighborhoods. Here are extremes in everyday life—on one side the most luxurious, and on the other side the reverse in all its ugliness.

One thing is very evident here—and that is the military activities of the United States Army and Navy. Both are working industriously in arming this Island formidably.

San Juan, P. R. P.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 147)

a small house and a cheap automobile.

With the balance left over they have bought up a block of filthy, dilapidated slum houses in the negro district in South Philadelphia. That cost the Masons $40,000. For about $40,000 more they are going to build a modern low-rental apartment which will take care of 100 negro families. It will have a central courtyard-playground, with lawns and a fountain, play rooms in the basement, a gymnasium, a reception hall, and a chapel for religious services.

Most important, the Frances Plaza Apartments (in honor of Miss Frances Mason, who picked the winning ticket) will be rented at the lowest possible rates that will meet the cost of upkeep. The new landlord remembers all too well the knock of the bill collector on a relief family's door.

We salute the initiative and generosity of Pearl and Benjamin Mason. Their example is a good one to remember the next time some one says, dogmatically, that "these loafers on relief are all taking advantage of the Government's softness. Why, when I was a boy . . ."

New York Post.

Fourth Annual Dinner

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE

Date: Wednesday evening, January 3, 1940.

Place: Hotel Capitol, 8th Avenue and 51st Street, New York City.

Subject: The Pacifist in Wartime.

Speakers

MADAME KAMALADEVI: India's foremost woman political leader.

DR. EVAN W. THOMAS: World War Conscientious Objector, New York Chairman, War Resisters League.

DR. SIDNEY E. GOLDSTEIN: Associate Rabbi of the Free Synagogue; Chairman of the Executive Committee, War Resisters League.

DR. JOHN HOWLAND LATHROP: Vice-Chairman, National Peace Conference; Vice-Chairman, War Resisters League; Minister, First Unitarian Church, Brooklyn.

REV. A. J. MUSTE: Director, The Labor Temple; Chairman, United Pacifist Committee.

Chairman, FRANK OLMSTEAD, Intercollegiate YMCA Secretary at New York University.

Reservations at $1.35 per person may be made through the Office of the WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE, 2 Stone Street, New York City. (Tel. BOwling Green 9-9735)